

PAGEANT
OF
PORTLAND
THE EASTERN
PROMENADE
JULY THE FOURTH
1913.

206

The
Historical Pageant
of
Portland, Maine

*Produced on the Eastern Promenade as
a Free Civic Celebration of
the Fourth of July
1913*

Author and Director
Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Musical Director and Composer
Will C. Macfarlane

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OUTLINE

Pioneer Portland

1. The Coming of Christopher Levett (1623)
2. George Cleeve, the First Settler (1632)
3. Indian Massacre (1675 - 76)
4. The Destruction of Portland (1690)

Patriot Portland

5. The News from Lexington (1775)
6. The Return of Clara Carver (1775)
7. Portland's Defiance (1775)
8. Fête in honor of Gov. John Hancock (1785)
9. The Enterprise and Boxer (1813)
10. The City Welcomes Lafayette (1825)

Modern Portland

11. The Civil War (1861)
12. Longfellow, In Memoriam (1807 - 1882)
13. Modern Portland (1913)
14. America the Beautiful (1913)

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Indian Dance

Corn Planting Ceremony

Fire

Desolation

Hope

Yankee Doodle

Minuet

Pavane

The Star Spangled Banner

March

Marseillaise

Waltz

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Longfellow Episode 1. Hiawatha
 2. The Village Blacksmith
 3. Evangeline
 4. The Children's Hour

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

The Pines and the Sea

America the Beautiful

The music will be played by Chandler's Band, Mr. C. M. Brooks, leader. The cornet solo in "The Children's Hour," will be played by Mr. Willard Mayberry.

The official photographers are Jessie Tarbox Beals and A. T. Beals of New York.

PREFACE

Historic Pageantry, the art which holds the mirror up to history and revitalizes the heroic past, has, like its sister art the drama, two aspects. There is the pageant *intime* that is played so near the spectators that every word can be heard; and there is the pageant *non-intime* that is played before an audience so vast that only the people sitting near the pageant players can hear what is said, though all can observe what is done. The appeal of the pageant *intime* is largely through its literary qualities; the pageant *non-intime* must appeal through the eye rather than through the ear. It depends on picture rather than on words. The Historical Pageant of Portland belongs to the latter class. Its natural amphitheatre (with the Atlantic Ocean for a background) is so large that it demands pantomimic rather than phonetic art. Therefore, in the book of the Portland Pageant only such words are used as are actually necessary to carry on the action. In as far as possible, these words are the actual phrases spoken by the historic characters into whose mouths they are now put.

The Historical Pageant of Portland — a civic pageant, given free, in order that the citizens of Portland may enjoy a “safe and sane” Fourth of July, has aspects which stand out significantly in the history of pageantry in this country; for the Portland Pageant represents not only municipal drama, but municipal music as well. The music —that vital part of a pageant so often

neglected — has in this case been placed in the hands of a well-known composer, Mr. Will C. Macfarlane, Portland's municipal organist, who holds the distinction of being the only municipal organist in America. To the inspiration of his music is due much of the joy of participation which has come to the pageant players.

It is safe to say that no historic pageant has ever entered more fully into the life of a city than the Pageant of Portland. The Pageant Music has been made familiar through pre-pageant concerts in the city hall; the pageant episodes, as well as the sources from which they were taken, have been studied in the schools. The Historical Rooms and the Public Library have splendidly co-operated. Many of the costumes — as in the great English pageant of Bury St. Edmonds — were made by the pageant participants. The pageant hymn — our new national anthem — "America the Beautiful," has been sung in schools, churches, and the city hall. Scarcely an organization in the city but what has contributed to the pageant in one way or another. This unity of effort has been the dream for which the Pageant Chairman, Rev. Carl M. Gates, and the various pageant committees, have labored enthusiastically and unflaggingly, feeling that through the production of the pageant, not only the thousand pageant players but the citizens of Portland who formed the audience would realize more vividly than ever before the community strength and patriotism of "that beautiful town that is seated by the sea."

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

I

THE COMING OF CHRISTOPHER LEVETT

CHARACTERS

CHRISTOPHER LEVETT

HIS SIX FOLLOWERS

COGAWESCO, INDIAN CHIEFTAIN

THE INDIAN QUEEN, HIS WIFE

INDIAN WARRIORS, MAIDENS, WOMEN, MUSICIANS, DANCERS,
MEDICINE MEN, ETC.

The stage for the setting of the Pageant of Portland is a level greenward on the Eastern Promenade. The pageant players face the monument of George Cleeve, the first settler, which stands higher up on the promenade. For background, the stage has the Atlantic Ocean glimpsed through pine trees, with the islands in the distance. At right and left are pine trees, their dark green in sharp relief against the blue of the ocean. Beyond the pageant grounds on one side "The Polly" lies at anchor, the oldest privateer now afloat, and one that did valiant service in the War of 1812; while on the other side is the United States warship "Idaho." One represents America of the Past, the other America of Today. Thus from where the spectators sit can be seen not only the pageant grounds, but the wide vista of Portland harbor, "the beauty and mystér of ships, and the magic of the sea."

This scene is an Indian encampment. 1623. Wigwams in background. A camp fire. Baskets for weaving. A canoe to be



MR. CHARLES O. PRATT AS "CHRISTOPHER LEVETT"

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decorated. Warriors enter, led by Cogawesco, also medicine man, and musicians. Later the squaws enter, and take their places. Last of all, the Indian Queen, with the Indian maidens making way before her. Indian Queen seats herself by Cogawesco on fallen log, as on throne. Ceremony by Indian children and dance of Indian maidens. As they draw near the end of the dance, Christopher Levett and his six followers approach. Dancing stops. Cogawesco and queen go forward to meet Levett, who leaves his men in a group a little way behind him, and comes to centre.

COGAWESCO [*with great dignity*].—Welcome, white man, to wigwams of Cogawesco.

LEVETT [*with equal dignity*].—Great Chief, I thank you. I and my men have come from across Big Water, from England, from great chief called Duke of Buckingham, to search for new lands. My name is Christopher Levett.

COGAWESCO.—Christopher Levett is welcome.

INDIAN QUEEN [*approaching*].—Are all these his friends?*

LEVETT.—Yes.

QUEEN.—Then they are welcome also.* [*Drinks to them from a gourd.*]

COGAWESCO.—Be welcome, Pale Face. We will call you cousin. If you will stay, we will make you a Chieftain's wigwam. We give you this beaver skin as a sign of good will. [*Presents beaver skin.*] May the kind god, Squanto, guard you; and may the evil god, Tanto, who takes the dead to his dark wigwam, delay long years ere he comes to you. I have spoken.

LEVETT.—I thank you for myself, and for my men, and for my lord, the Duke of Buckingham. I would purchase the land from you, because I know you have a natural right of inheritance therein. [*Indians nod amongst themselves, much pleased.*]

QUEEN.—Where will your wigwam be, oh stranger?

[*Indian maidens serve the white men with dried meats and fruits.*]

*Original words.

LEVETT.—I cannot hope to have my wigwam here for many moons. I must cross the Big Water once again, so that I may bring more people with me.

COGAWESCO.—Do not go, cousin. In my heart I feel that if the Pale Face goes, he will not come again.

LEVETT.—But on one of the islands on Casco Bay, I will leave ten of my men, and they shall build a fort and dwell there till my return.* [*To his men.*] 'Tis a likely spot and a fair harbor. [*The men nod, as if agreeing with him.*]

COGAWESCO [*urgently*].—Do not go, cousin. Stay with us.

LEVETT.—But I have a longing to see my own land, and my own wife and children.

ALL THE INDIANS [*in unison, as if it were the voice of the whole tribe speaking*].—Stay with us, cousin.

LEVETT.—I may not. I must this day set forth in my boat, and soon be returning to my home.

COGAWESCO.—We will go with our Pale Face cousin to the shore. We will say farewell to him.

[*All the Indians in procession, with Cogawesco, Indian queen and Levett walking first, the six followers of Levett next, and the warriors after them, with the Indian women, maidens and children last of all, go slowly from the field.*]

*Actual words.

II

GEORGE CLEEVE, THE FIRST SETTLER

CHARACTERS

GEORGE CLEEVE.

JOAN CLEEVE, HIS WIFE.

ELIZABETH CLEEVE, HIS DAUGHTER.

RICHARD TUCKER.

MRS. TUCKER.

OLIVER WEEKS.

FIRST INDIAN CHIEFTAIN. (MODOCKAWANDO.)

SECOND INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

WARRIORS. INDIAN MAIDENS. SQUAWS. CHILDREN.

Scene: An Indian encampment. (1632.) The tribe of Indians enter, and seat themselves in a great semi-circle, the women all keeping to themselves and the men to themselves also. In the center of the stage the Indian maidens act out the Corn Ceremony.

As the ceremony ends, Cleeve and his family, with Richard Tucker, his wife, and Weeks appear upon the scene. The Indian maidens draw back. The whole camp rises to its feet, the women sheltering themselves behind the men.

FIRST CHIEFTAIN [*advancing*].—Who comes?

CLEEVE—The friendly Pale Faces. [*To his family.*] Have comfort, Joan. Fear not, Elizabeth. Our brothers, the red men, will receive us kindly. [*To chieftain.*] Will the chieftain sell his land?

FIRST CHIEFTAIN.—What will the Pale Face give?

CLEEVE.—I will give ———. [*Shows money in hand.*]

[*Indian men confer in circle at one side of stage, while the purchasers await their decision at the other. After a brief pantomimic counsel, the Indian men consult the women of the tribe as was the custom amongst the Penobscots. The Indian women with head shaking give vigorous consent.*]

CLEEVE [*to his wife, as they wait*].—Courage, wife, courage.

JOAN CLEEVE.—I would we were back beside the familiar Spurwink in our own home.

CLEEVE.—If we were there, John Winter would rule us like a tyrant. I would be tenant to never a man in New England.*

RICHARD TUCKER.—Nor I. Wherever you lead, we follow. We'll wring a living from this new land yet.

FIRST CHIEFTAIN.—We will let the Pale Face have the land.

SECOND CHIEFTAIN.—We will sell for what the Pale Face offers.

FIRST CHIEFTAIN.—We will move our wigwams. [*The trade is made, and a scroll signed.*]

[*Indians break camp, and move their wigwams and all their goods, the new owners of the land watching them as they depart to faint strains of Indian music.*]

ELIZABETH [*looking about her fearfully*].—Must this be home?

JOAN CLEEVE [*with courage*].—Wherever the hearth light is kindled, that is home, my child. [*The women have been standing together while Cleeve explores.*]

CLEEVE.—I have found a spring, and a sheltered place where we can begin to build. Come, Joan. Come, Elizabeth. Let us take heart. Let us settle here in Falmouth, and pray that the years will bring us better fortune than we have seen before.

[*They move off in the direction of their new home, and the scene ends.*]

His actual words.

III

THE INDIAN MASSACRE

CHARACTERS

MRS. THOMAS BRACKETT, AND THREE CHILDREN

JAMES ROSS

MRS. ROSS

TWO ROSS CHILDREN

MRS. CORBIN WITH HER BABY

ANTHONY BRACKETT

ANNE BRACKETT, HIS WIFE

FOUR BRACKETT CHILDREN (MARY, ELINOR, SETH, ANTHONY)

ATWELL	}	TWO REAPERS
DURHAM		

SIMON	}	INDIANS
MOCKAWANDO		
SQUANDO		

OTHER INDIANS TO THE NUMBER OF TWENTY OR THIRTY

Scene: Farm lands in 1675 - 76.

Anthony Brackett enters, and sees Atwell and Durham approaching with scythes.

ANTHONY BRACKETT.—All ready for the day's work?

ATWELL AND DURHAM.—Yes, sir.

ANTHONY BRACKETT.—Have you seen nothing of my cow? She was stolen by a band of marauders two days since, and though I've searched the settlement, I can find no word of her.

DURHAM.—I have not seen her, sir.

ATWELL.—Nor I.

SIMON [*who has stealthily been listening now draws near*].—I've seen the band of men who took your cow. They are over in the woods, yonder. Come!

BRACKETT.—Come on, men. We'll make short work of them! [*As soon as the white men start, Indians who are in ambush capture them. Squando takes Brackett.*]

MRS. BRACKETT.—Oh, Anthony! It is an Indian uprising. There are more in the woods behind our house. [*To Squando*] Oh, spare my husband!

SQUANDO.—Let Pale Face choose. Will he die, or be a captive, he and his wife and children?

[*Brackett children, fleeing in terror, now join their parents.*]

BRACKETT.—We will be your captives. [*They are placed in a group ere marching.*]

[*In background, Indians take a child, stab it, and toss it over embankment. Mrs. Corbin falls on her knees, covering her face. Mrs. Thos. Brackett and three children are hurried onto stage, captives. Also James Ross. Mrs. Ross breaks from her captors and tries to bargain with Mockawando for the lives of her husband and children, offering him a chain she wears; but he refuses. She kneels, offering neck chains, but he refuses. Shakes his head.*]

[*While all this has been going on, Mrs. Brackett has stolen softly from her group, and brought a canoe out of the woods. They pour water into it; the water runs through.*]

BRACKETT.—Wife, it will never hold us.

MRS. BRACKETT.—It's our one chance, and we must take it. Come. [*They steal away with the canoe.*]

[*Indians run to look for them. Find them gone, and then start the other captives marching in a different direction. The whole line of captives is closely guarded by Indians and any one who lags is threatened and pressed forward with Indian spears.*]

IV

THE DESTRUCTION OF PORTLAND

There enters onto the pageant stage a group of settlers pursued by Flame, a tall menacing figure who sweeps forward with the swiftness of fire. Tongues of red and yellow flame leap about her robe as she moves. In all her gestures, there is something bright and fierce and cruel. The settlers flee before her in terrified groups, with backward glances towards their deserted hearthstones. Some take their household goods with them. Others have left them in their haste.

While Flame still holds the scene, Desolation [who ever follows in the footsteps of Flame] slowly enters, a mournful figure, clad in the gray of ashes. She looks about her from right to left, but the settlers have fled. No human look responds to hers. Only Flame still shines and dances at the outskirts of the woods. Desolation broods over the scene, sinks down and covers her face, as motionless and despairing a symbol as the gray ruin that Flame has made.

But now a new note sounds, like a bird song—clear, yet hesitant. From the edge of the woods Hope looks out, a radiant figure, clad in white, with a pale green robe, symbolic of the power of earth to renew. At first her gestures are timid, as she perceives the figure of Desolation. Then Hope grows stronger. She beckons to some settlers who have returned “to look where their ploughed fields lay bare.” Desolation stirs. She begins to feel the power of Hope, who dances forward, and by gesture commands that Desolation leave the scene. Reluctantly Desolation obeys. The settlers, led on by Hope, now come boldly to the centre of the scene with faith to begin re-building. Desolation vanishes. In her place come more settlers, young and old, children and matrons, a man with an axe, a farmer with a hoe, and a woman with a distaff, signifying Home.



MISS DOROTHY TRUE AS "HOPE"

(See page 17)

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V

THE NEWS FROM LEXINGTON

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN DAVID BRADISH

HENRY SEWALL

DANIEL MUZZEY

RICHARD GOODING

ZACHARIAH NOWELL

ENOCH MOODY

LEMUEL GOODING

REV. MR. SMITH

MRS. GOODING

ESTHER MOODY

LYDIA JONES

WILL JONES

Scene: A field in the early morning. Capt Bradish meets Mr. Smith.

BRADISH.—You're out early, Mr. Smith.

SMITH.—I had a troubled sleep, Capt. Bradish. These are dark days. Everywhere along the coast we hear that the acts are repealed, that the British frigates and regiments are coming to force us to comply with the British laws. I rose early, thinking I might evolve a sermon on the subject of freedom.



HIAWATHA GROUP
(See page 41)

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BRADISH.—Look! Who is coming? [*A rider is seen approaching.*]

SMITH.—A rider! Perhaps with further news!

MESSANGER.—I am looking for Capt. Bradish. [*Draws rein.*]

BRADISH.—I am he.

MESSANGER.—I come from Lexington.

[*Will Jones and Henry Sewall join the group.*]

BRADISH.—From Lexington!

MESSANGER.—There has been a battle.

SMITH [*to Will Jones*].—Rouse Norwell and Moody! [*Jones runs off stage and quickly returns followed by Norwell and Moody. Meantime the Messenger is giving his news.*]

MESSANGER [*continuing*].—Between the British troops and the American Minute Men. Two days ago the British troops, 900 men marching under Major Pitcairn, were defeated at dawn by 60 patriots at Lexington.

ALL [*a great cheer*].—Ah!

BRADISH.—It was a miracle.

SMITH.—How did it happen?

MESSANGER.—The men at Lexington were warned.

SEWALL.—By whom?

MESSANGER.—By Paul Revere, who rode at full gallop from Boston. We mean to fight for our rights. We ask that every town and every city will send us men.

BRADISH [*to Jones*].—Ring the church bell. Summon the people. [*Jones runs off; soon church bell is heard.*]

MESSANGER.—The troops will muster at Boston, and warnings will be sent to all the other New England towns. Make no delay! See that your men proceed to Boston by forced marches. Every moment counts! [*Gallops off.*]

MUZZEY.—What is it?

BRADISH.—There's been a battle at Lexington. We are to march to Boston!

GOODING [*to Mrs. Gooding*].—There's scarcely time to say good bye!

MRS. GOODING.—But we're not prepared!

GOODING.—Neither were the men at Lexington!

MRS. JONES [*to her son*].—Oh, I can't let you go!

WILL JONES.—Yes you can, mother. All that can go, must go.

MUZZEY [*to his betrothed*].—Good bye, sweetheart!

LYDIA JONES [*half weeping*].—Oh, David!

ESTHER MOODY.—Here's a musket, Enoch! Take it, and remember that all the folks at home are hoping and praying you'll win!

CLARK.—Now, men, for your safety, and the safety of those you leave behind, for the safety of the land so dear to us, let us offer a moment of silent prayer. [*All stand for a moment with heads bowed.*]

MRS. GOODING [*to her husband*].—I feel you will come back.

MUZZEY [*to Lydia*].—Good bye.

LYDIA.—Good bye.

BRADISH.—Forward march. [*With fife and drum playing Yankee Doodle they leave the field.*]

SMITH.—Let us return to our homes, and offer up petitions for those who have gone to the war.

VI

THE RETURN OF CLARA CARVER

CHARACTERS

CLARA CARVER

JOHN CARVER, HER BROTHER

OBIDIAH BREWSTER

ZENAS TAYLOR

MRS. TAYLOR

MRS. BREWSTER

POLLY PRENTIS, TEACHER IN A DAME SCHOOL

ELIZABETH	}	CHILDREN
SAMUEL		
MARTIN		

MRS. RAYTON

OTHER SCHOOL CHILDREN, 12 OR MORE.

[*Mrs. Rayton enters, followed by Samuel, Martin and Elizabeth.*]

MRS. RAYTON.—Carry my wheel carefully, Samuel and Martin, and you, Elizabeth, take the cards, and handle the flax with caution. Now we shall all enjoy a day outdoors. But let us not spend it idly. You, Samuel, shall help Elizabeth with the carding. [*Children busy themselves.*]



"THE DAME SCHOOL"

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[*Other children come running in with hoops and balls; a little behind them Mistress Prentiss, the school teacher.*]

A BOY.—School's out! School's out!

A GIRL [*chanting joyfully*].—No more lessons today, today! No more lessons today!

SAM.—Hither comes Mistress Prentiss, the school mistress, and all the scholars of her Dame School.

POLLY PRENTISS.—Good morrow, Mrs. Rayton.

MRS. RAYTON.—Good morrow, Polly Prentiss.

POLLY PRENTISS [*to children*].—You may play games here in this woodland, but do not stray too far, or the Indians may seize you as they did Clara Carver seven long years ago, and she's never been seen nor heard of since.

MRS. RAYTON.—That was a dreadful time. I shudder when I think of it.

[*Enter John Carver just behind them.*]

POLLY PRENTISS.—For years her brother sought her, and now he's given up hope.

JOHN CARVER.—Aye, given up hope.

MRS. RAYTON.—We did not know that you were near, or else we had not spoken words to open an old wound.

JOHN CARVER [*taking chain out of his pocket*].—With me I always carry a little chain that she was wont to wear.

MRS. RAYTON.—I marvel that we live at all—the British a scourge on one side, and the Indians a scourge on the other. Has ought been heard of Zenas Taylor and Obidiah Brewster?

JOHN CARVER.—Meat is so scarce that they went hunting six days ago, and nought has been heard of them since. And besides hunting, they were to keep a watch out on the Indians, for rumors have reached us that the Red Men are again unquiet. Indeed, 'tis feared that the Indians have captured both Brewster



"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR"

(See page 43)

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and Taylor. And if the Indians have done so, there will be no escape.

POLLY PRENTIS.—Hither come Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Taylor. See, they are looking, hoping against hope.

MRS. RAYTON.—You see no sign of your husband?

MRS. TAYLOR.—None. The men who went to hunt for him have all returned, save Simeon Presby, and they say they did not find a sign.

MRS. RAYTON.—Stay! Is that not Simeon Presby now? Let us run to meet him. Perchance he may have news!

MRS. BREWSTER.—Oh, Simeon, what news?

SIMEON.—You must have courage.

MRS. RAYTON.—Steady, neighbor, steady.

MRS. TAYLOR.—Was there no sign of them?

SIMEON.—There was a sign. In the woods I found these.
[*Holds up cloak and belt.*]

MRS. BREWSTER.—My husband's cloak!

MRS. TAYLOR.—My husband's belt. Two Indian arrows. Ah, that means the worst!

SIMEON.—They were brave men and true. We all mourn with you!

MRS. RAYTON.—Lean on me, neighbor. [*Mourning group.*]

[*As they stand, facing front, Brewster and Taylor, with Clara Carver following, appear.*]

BREWSTER [*calling as he perceives group*].—Belinda!

MRS. BREWSTER [*rushing to him*].—My husband!

[*Mrs. Taylor runs to Mr. Taylor.*]

TAYLOR [*indicating Clara*].—This is our guide, our rescuer, this Indian maiden—

JOHN CARVER.—Let me look close at her. Why, 'tis my sister! My sister!

CLARA CARVER.—My brother! For years I have been a captive in the tribe of Black Wolf. Then, a few days ago, I saw these white men. They were in danger of being found by the Indians. I led them away, and now I am in time to warn you that Black Wolf plans an uprising.

WOMEN [*terrified*].—An uprising!

BREWSTER.—Do not fear! The people of Portland have time to prepare, thanks to Clara Carver.

CLARA [*as children seem frightened*].—Ah, children. Do not run from me! [*Gives them some of her Indian beads. They approach timidly, and make friends with her.*]

JOHN CARVER.—They will soon learn to love you!

BREWSTER.—We must warn our people of what Black Wolf means to do!

JOHN CARVER.—And I must give thanks for the good fortune that has come to me. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

VII

PORTLAND'S DEFIANCE

CHARACTERS

AMERICAN MESSENGER

DAME ALICE GREEL

MR. PREBLE	}	MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY
MR. FOX		
MR. MAYO		

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY

MR. BRADBURY, A PATRIOT

MOWATT'S MESSENGER

NAT	}	INN BOYS WHO SERVE DAME ALICE GREEL
JACK		
WILL		
TOM		

OTHER CITIZENS OF PORTLAND.

Scene: Outside of Dame Alice Greel's Tavern, (1775).

Dame Alice Greel enters upon the scene, directing four boys, who carry a table, some chairs, and a bowl of fruit.

DAME GREEL.—Be brisk with the tables and chairs! The gentlemen will soon be here. D'y'e think they can wait in my inn-yard all day? Are you shod with lead, Nat Tompkins? Bring



MRS. FLORENCE HOLLAND LANDERS AS "DAME ALICE GREEL"

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on that chair, and quickly! Laggards, laggards, laggards, every one of you! I can't look to my work for seeing that you do yours. Steady with that bowl, Jack. Don't drop it. And the minute the gentlemen are through, look you take the chairs and tables back again. Set everything to rights, or I'll be shamed before the Committee of Safety. And don't serve any Tories in my Inn yard, or I'll trounce you with my broom! [*Exeunt all save Tom. As Dame Greel goes, Tom attempts to steal a peach from the bowl of fruit. Dame Greel happens to turn, sees him, runs for him.*] Aha! You thought I would not see you! I'll make you smart for that! [*Chases him round table. He hides under it.*] You young villain! [*Chairman of Committee of Safety appears.*] Beg pardon, sir! I did not hear you coming! [*Others arrive.*] Good day, Mr. Preble. Good day, Mr. Fox. The table is ready, sirs. [*Exit Dame Alice. Men gather about table.*]

CHAIRMAN.—Friends, Men of the Committee of Safety, we are gathered here to decide and report on the situation in our town.

MR. PREBLE.—I am in hopes that the spirit of our American troops will save the country.

CHAIRMAN.—“In hopes!” Good heavens! Give us a regular government, or we are undone!* Here comes one of our messengers. [*Messenger approaches.*] What news?

AMERICAN MESSENGER.—The worst of news! The treacherous Mowatt is in the harbor with three British ships.

MR. MAYO.—Here comes a British Messenger! [*Mowatt's Messenger, carrying a letter and a white flag of truce, appears upon the scene. The Chairman meets him, and takes the letter, which he reads to those assembled.*]

“I have orders to execute a just punishment on the town of Falmouth.....I warn you to remove without delay.....The officer who will deliver this letter I expect to return immediately, unmolested. H. MOWATT.”*

*Original words.

CHAIRMAN.—Gentlemen, what do you say?

MR. FOX.—I say: Return the letter to Mowatt, and say that you defy him! [*Dame Greel and a few others have joined the Committee, standing a little in the background, respectfully.*]

ALL.—Aye! Aye! [*Fists are shaken at the British Messenger.*]

MOWATT'S MESSENGER.—One moment. I have Captain Mowatt's orders to say that if you will give him prisoners, and all the firearms which the town contains, he will spare you. If not he will open fire at once. Surrender, or burn.*

CHAIRMAN.—Fellow citizens, you have heard Captain Mowatt's message. What do you say?

BRADBURY.—I say that we do not surrender!

MAYO.—I say, let him burn the town to ashes!

OTHERS.—I say so, too. And I! And I! And I!

CHAIRMAN.—You have heard the message, sir. Return, and tell Captain Mowatt our citizens will not surrender.

MOWATT'S MESSENGER.—Then the women must leave the city.

DAME GREEL.—That's right for the women with children; but tell Captain Mowatt from me that I'll stay here in spite of his cannon balls! I defy him and the whole British navy! [*Exit Messenger. People leave excitedly.*] Move my table, boys! [*Boys move it.*] We may need it for a barricade! [*To a woman, with a child, who is fleeing.*] Are you running, neighbor? I'll give you a lift! [*Helps woman with her bundles.*] [*Others cross scene, fleeing for their lives. Men get out their muskets, prepared to stay.*]

DAME GREEL.—I tell you, Maine may suffer; but she never gives up!

VIII

FÊTE IN HONOR OF JOHN HANCOCK

CHARACTERS

JOHN HANCOCK

DOROTHY QUINCY HANCOCK, HIS WIFE

COUNT CASTIGLIONE

NATHANIEL DEERING, SELECTMAN

COL. PREBLE

MADAM ROSS

MRS. PREBLE

REV. MR. SMITH

REV. MR. DEANE

MR. FRANKLIN, BROTHER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

MRS. CODMAN

MISS SALLY CUSHING

MADAM ROSS [*entering and looking about her*].—I fear we are much too early.

SALLY CUSHING.—That will give us places of vantage. It's the largest fête we've ever had in Portland. I'm all in a flutter to see the Governor's lady—she that was the famous beauty, Dorothy Q. Good day, Mr. Deane.

REV. DEANE.—Here come our townfolk—my reverend contemporary, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's brother. [*Bows. Curtsies.*] Our selectman, Mr. Nathan Deering. [*More bows and curtsies.*]

SALLY CUSHING.—I am in hopes that we will all be presented to Gov. and Mrs. Hancock.

MR. FRANKLIN.—I can see them coming—Gov. Hancock and his wife, Count Castiglione and our own Col. Preble.

MR. DEERING [*going forward to meet the advancing people*]—Gov. Hancock, all Portland is rejoiced to have you, your charming lady and Count Castiglione with us today. You see our townfolk are assembled to do you whatever honor is in their power.

GOV. HANCOCK.—Mr. Deering, I thank you. And when I say that I have always found the City of Portland as hospitable as it is gallant, I voice not only my own opinion, but that of Mrs. Hancock, and Count Castiglione.

COL. PREBLE.—May I present the Rev. Mr. Smith? He is writing a journal that will some day be invaluable. Mr. Franklin, the brother of Dr. Franklin.

HANCOCK.—Sir, our nation owes a debt to your brother that will never be forgotten. I trust you have good news from Dr. Franklin?

MR. FRANKLIN.—The best, sir.

DOROTHY HANCOCK.—Look, John. They are forming for the minuet. Is it not charming?

MRS. PREBLE.—And later we are to have the French dance, the pavane.

[*Dances: The Minuet. The Pavane. After the dances the whole company leaves the field in stately fashion.*]

IX

THE ENTERPRISE AND BOXER

CHARACTERS

UNCLE SAM

CREW OF SAILORS FROM THE "ENTERPRISE"

In memory of the Naval Battle between the "Enterprise" and the "Boxer," fought in Portland Harbor in 1814.

The crew of the "Enterprise," carrying a tattered flag, marches across the pageant field. At the centre of the field they are halted by a tall figure in a long cloak. As they come up with him, he tosses off the long cloak, and it is seen that he is Uncle Sam. The orchestra bursts out into the "Star Spangled Banner." The men stand at salute, and then, with Uncle Sam laying his arm across the shoulder of the leader, they march from the field.

NOTE. — For the first time in pageantry, in America, U. S. Marines play the part of Marines.



MRS. HAROLD BERRY AS "AMERICA"

(See page 47)

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X

WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE

CHARACTERS

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

SELECTMAN

MRS. JEDUTHAN UPTON

A group of ladies and gentlemen enter, looking about them expectantly. Then there enters a group of girls clad in white, and wearing the French tri-color. After them follow fifty children dressed in Kate Greenaway costumes. As they stand, facing audience, there sound the first notes of the Marseillaise and Lafayette appears upon the scene, attended by some of the citizens of Portland. The Chairman of the Selectmen goes forward, greets Lafayette, and then a small girl presents Lafayette with a huge bouquet.

SELECTMAN.—Sir, the Selectmen of Portland, in behalf of their fellow citizens, most respectfully and heartily bid you welcome.

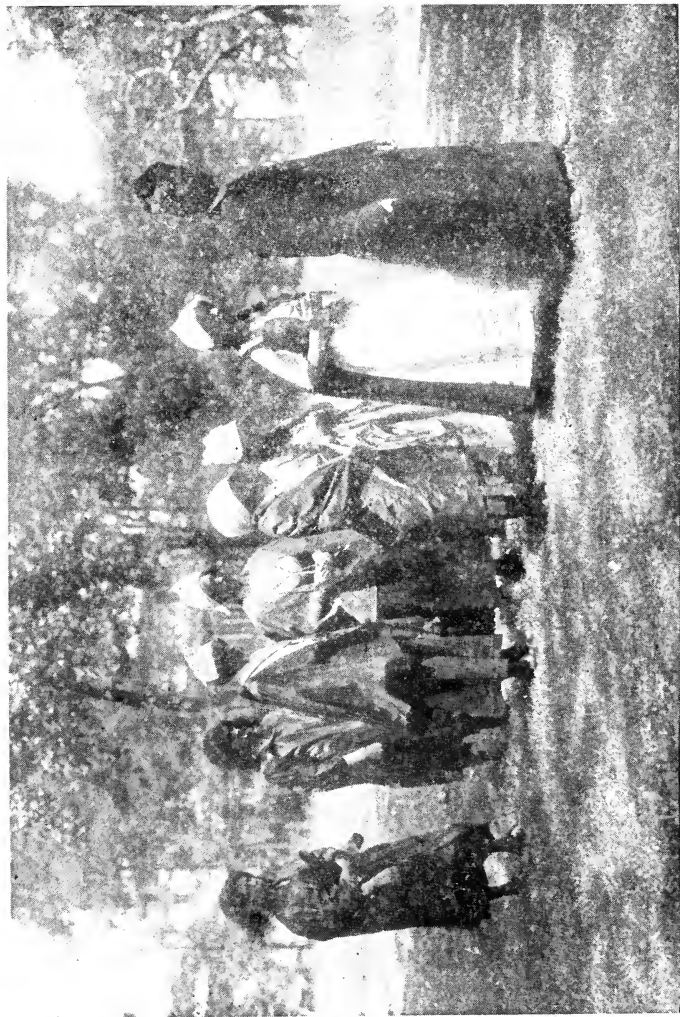
LAFAYETTE.—To the citizens of Portland, and their worthy selectmen, I offer my most respectful and affectionate acknowledgements.

SELECTMAN.—Marquis de Lafayette, allow me to present to you Mrs. Jeduthan Upton, whose husband was captain of a privateer, and was captured by the British ship, Phoebe, and confined in Mill Prison, 1812 - 1813. In her hand she carries the log book of Captain Upton, written while on board the privateer, and in the English prison.

LAFAYETTE.—Madam, I look upon this volume with actual reverence, realizing the account of courage and hardship which it must contain.

SELECTMAN.—Marquis, this is Mrs. Daniel Sanborn, whose husband fought on the Privateer "Polly," which lies anchored now in our harbor. [*Points out the "Polly."*] You can behold the "Polly" dipping her colors as a salute in your honor.

[*All look towards "The Polly," and wave enthusiastically, as if in answer to the salute. Then all leave the field.*]



EVANGELINE GROUP, WITH MISS ELIZABETH CURTIS AS "EVANGELINE."

(See page 43)

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XI

THE CIVIL WAR

NOTE. — The First Maine Infantry, including the Portland Mechanic Blues, and the Rifle Corps, was mustered out for three months in May, 1861. Then the First Portland returned, and was again mustered out — the second time as the famous Tenth Maine Regiment. They fought at Cedar Mountain and at Antietam. This scene represents the first mustering out that was done in Maine.

For the first time in an American Pageant, the U. S. Regulars play the part of soldiers.

CHARACTERS

PORTLAND MECHANIC BLUES AND RIFLE CORPS. COL. NATHANIEL
J. JACKSON IN COMMAND.

ROGER RIGGS

ENOCH AMES

ALBERT BROWN

MRS. SAWYER

MARY SAWYER, HER DAUGHTER

MRS. SMITH

ETHEL SMITH, HER DAUGHTER

TWENTY OTHER WOMEN OF PORTLAND

MRS. SAWYER.—Are they coming?

MARY SAWYER.—Not yet.

ROGER RIGGS.—I wish I could go — if this lame knee didn't keep me at home.

ENOCH AMES [*an old man*].—And they tell me I'm too old. [*Other people enter and begin to form a line.*] Albert enters.

ROGER.—Tell us, Albert, how are things going?

ALBERT.—You'll hear the music now, any minute. Lieutenant Quimby, who got the recruiting rolls, says that the Guards company filled up as fast as the men could write their names on the roll — one hundred and eighty men in an hour.*

MRS. SMITH.—I'm proud to think that Portland furnishes six companies out of the ten that are called for here in Maine.

ETHEL SMITH.—The sound of the music always makes me wish I was a man. If women could only do something for the Union!

MRS. SAWYER.—“Do something!” Well, right here in Maine a book was written which made the Union want to fight for the freedom of the slaves.

ETHEL SMITH.—You mean —

MRS. SAWYER.—I mean Harriet Beecher Stowe's “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” And it was a woman who wrote the “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” too, the music our boys will march to. Hark! I hear it now. [*Crowd presses forward.*]

ROGER RIGGS.—Here they *come*!

MRS. SMITH [*wiping her eyes*].—There they *go* — to the front. Oh, I can't bear to see them! [*Hides her face.*]

MARY SAWYER [*to her mother*].—Be brave, mother, and wave till Henry's out of sight. You promised that you would.

[*Amidst waving of handkerchiefs, the soldiers march away.*]

*Actual happening.

XII

THE LONGFELLOW EPISODE

There enters onto the pageant stage the symbolic figure of Fame, purple-robed, royal in her bearing, and carrying in her hand an outstretched laurel wreath. Just behind her walk Love and Memory. Love wears the rose-red robe of romance, and Memory a robe of gold, for "golden memories." Between them they carry a transparency on which is inscribed the word "LONGFELLOW." Thus it will be seen that Fame cherishes his name, and that it is forever held in Love and Memory. As these figures stand in the centre of the stage there passes before them some of the greatest characters that Longfellow created. There are four groups.

FIRST GROUP (HIAWATHA)

The Hiawatha group enters to strains of Indian music, Hiawatha leading the "lovely Minnehaha." They are on their way towards their wedding feast, and about them gambols the jester Indian, Pau Puk Keewis, who "dances the Beggar's Dance." There is also "gentle Chiabiabos," "he, the sweetest of musicians," Old Nokomis, and others of Hiawatha's tribe.

SECOND GROUP (THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH)

To the strains of music suggesting the clang of anvil and hammer and the puff of bellows, comes the bronzy figure of the Village Blacksmith, and following him the children "who look in at the open door," his sons and other villagers, and his daughter, fair and sweet. As he looks at her he remembers how in church



MISS ELIZABETH CURTIS AS "EVANGELINE"

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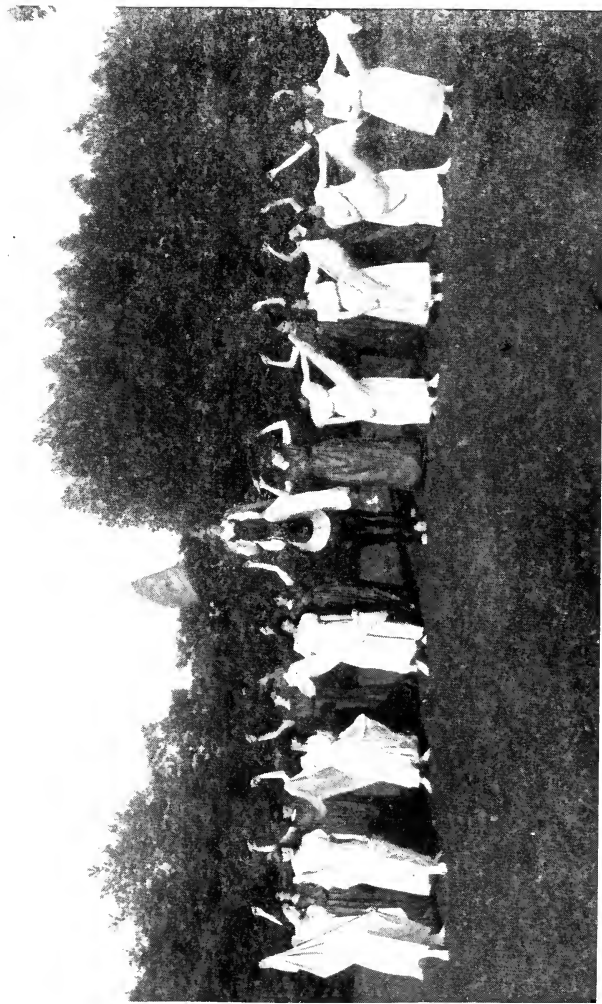
"he hears his daughter's voice singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart rejoice." This hymn is heard through the music and tranquilly the group leaves the scene.

THIRD GROUP (EVANGELINE)

Crossing the pageant stage comes beautiful Evangeline, "in her kirtle of blue, with her chaplet of beads and her missal," and walking near her "Gabriel, the beloved." In her face there is no hint of the sorrow that will later come to her. The scene represents the time when Grand Pré was still "Acadie, home of the happy." It is summer in Grand Pré, at the hour nearing twilight. The villagers are crossing their fields. Benedict Bell-fontaine, Basil, The Notary, some women and children of Grand Pré; and "the shepherds back with their bleating flocks from the sea side." Father Felician comes, and the Acadians turn to him gladly, and as he blesses them "anon from the belfry softly the angelus sounds," and the Acadians pause for their evening prayer. Then they cross their fields to their homes.

FOURTH GROUP (THE CHILDREN'S HOUR)

To a lullaby suggestive of the close of day, Twilight, the Children's Hour, enters, clad in the soft grays and purples of the time that lies "between the dark and the daylight." Following her come a group of children. As she leads them across the stage it is seen that on her forehead gleams the evening star, and in her hand she holds the silver crescent moon, symbols of the spell of coming night.



GROUP FROM "MODERN PORTLAND"

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XIII

MODERN PORTLAND

There enters onto the pageant stage Portland, a symbolic figure riding on horseback, and wearing a robe of the State colors, French blue. Attending her are Portland's industries, Shipping and Fishing, symbolically costumed; and Art and Music, with symbols in their hands.

As they stand in the centre of the pageant stage, the March of the Nations passes in review before them, Portland's foreign citizens gorgeous in their native dress.

After these have passed there is a fanfare of trumpets, the Call of the Pines and the Call of the Sea. In stately fashion there enters onto the pageant stage a group of pines, clad in dark green, with pine branches in their hands. Their movements are slow, and rhythmic, fraught with forest magic and mystery. As they stand, gracefully swaying, the Sea runs in, blue waves, in color like the summer ocean, a deep bright blue against which the white foam-scarfs show plainly. They come in with a sweeping motion which resembles the tide. It shows both elemental freedom, and the joy of untrammelled forces, for driving the waves comes the swift resistless figure of the North Wind in white and storm gray. Before her the pines begin to sway, and the sea races, lashed by her whip, the waves dashing toward the shore where the pines are standing. Clear above this the trumpets sound once more — the haunting call of the Pines and the Sea to the ages that have gone before.



MISS EMILY HART BROWN AS "PORTLAND"

(See page 45)

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XIV

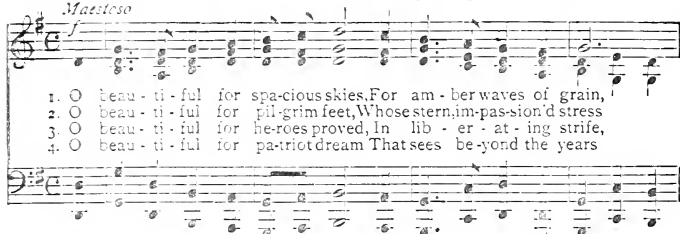
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Answering the Call of the Pines, and the Call of the Sea comes America, leading in a great procession the Pageant Players according to their epochs. All sing the new national anthem, "America the Beautiful," as they march up the road from the pageant grounds. The audience stand and join in the singing. In the harbor, the battleship fires a salute of guns.

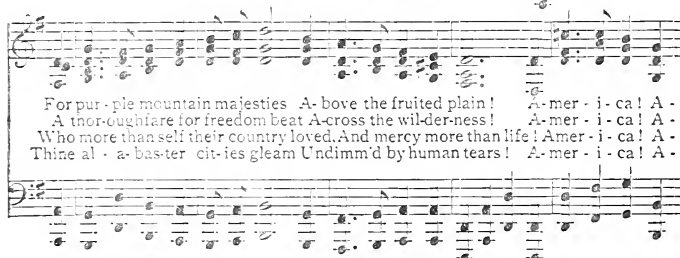
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

• Words by
KATHARINE LEE BATES
Maestoso

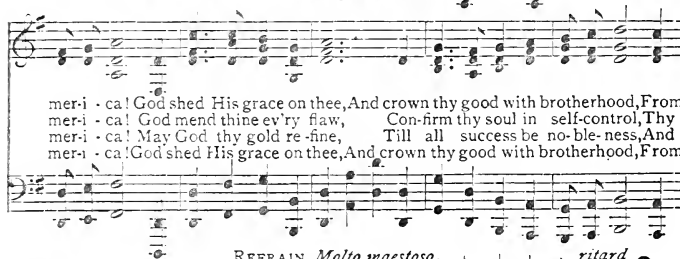
Music by
WILL C. MACFARLANE
Municipal Organist, Portland, Maine



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sion'd stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved, in lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

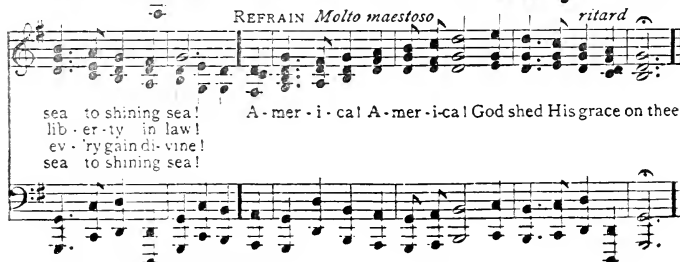


For pur-ple mountain majes-ties A-bove the fruited plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-
A thor-oughfare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-ca! A-
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mercy more than life! A-mer-i-ca! A-
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-i-es gleam Undim-m'd by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-



mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood, From
mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy
mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till all success be no-ble-ness, And
mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood, From

REFRAIN *Molto maestoso* *ritard*

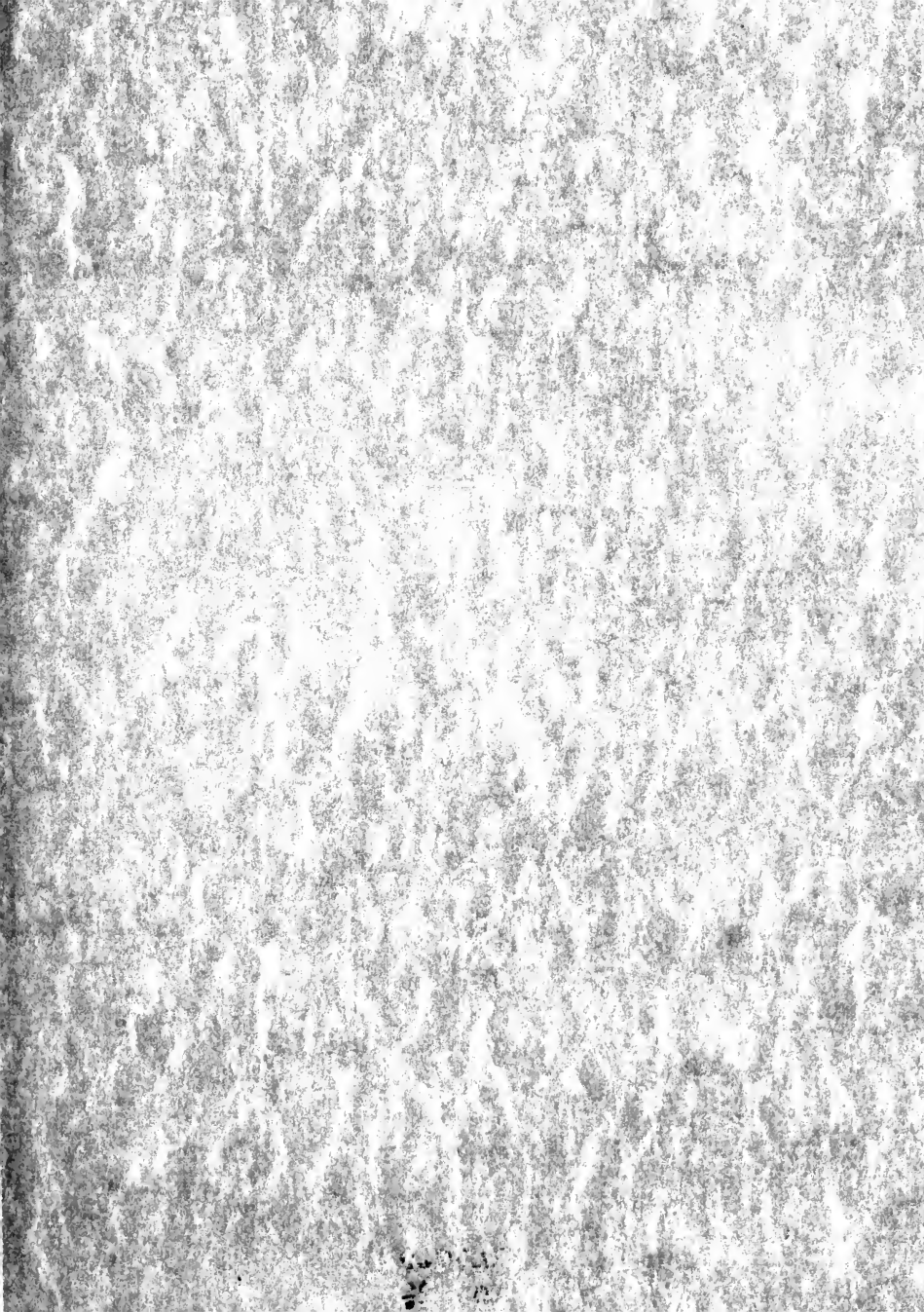


sea to shining sea! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee!
lib-er-ty in law!
ev-ry gain di-vine!
sea to shining sea!

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